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She Has Ever Known. Words of Praise  
from a New York Lady for

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"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. For stomach and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled."



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### AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair.  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures all Blood Disorders.

#### PARIS.

*Living in The French Capital.  
—How Bicyclists Fare in a  
Turn from the City to  
Palace at Versailles.*

PARIS, Oct. 29, 1895.

It is a difficult matter to say anything new of Paris. But each visitor's impressions are different, and we trust that our readers may not yet have seen in print the impression made by the French capital on youths from the far West, so that what we may have to say may come with some freshness, if with nothing else.

On the left bank of the Seine, distant from the fashionable and more expensive parts of the city, there is a confused tangle of narrow streets that contains the schools, and that is given over to the habitations of students from all parts of France and the world. This region is cut through by the broad boulevard, St. Michel. It used to be known as the Latin Quarter, but since the famous book appeared it has been renamed the Trilby Quarter. The district is within easy reach of all the sights, being near the very heart of the town. Here are thousands of rooms to rent, each house, almost, bearing a placard. It is best for the visitor who stays no longer than a week, to secure a room in this vicinity, for not only is he in a celebrated quarter and surrounded by a most pleasing Bohemian and scholastic atmosphere, but also he is at liberty to come and go as he desires, and to take his dinner where he will.

For \$2.50 a week, most comfortable quarters may be rented, while at a \$1.50 a week a smaller, but still a comfortable room may be had. Cheaper rooms even than the latter may be found, especially if taken by the month. These rooms are kept in the neatest order, but they are not usually furnished with heat. The renter must provide himself with a small lamp or candles, and if he should happen to be here so late as October, he will be obliged, likewise, to have some baskets of wood sent in, so that he may be comfortable during the occasional evening that he spends in his room. But that is a trifle, for the visitor will not be at his room much, except the time he spends in bed, for it is only after the lights are lighted that Paris assumes that aspect of gaiety of which we have all read so much.

As for eating it is easily managed. To avoid drinking cholera, or typhoid, or other dreadful germs, we provided ourselves with a small spirit stove and always boiled our drinking water. With this it was a simple thing to make unlimited cups

of delicious, steaming hot cocoa. Our breakfast consisted of this cocoa with cheese and fruit both of which latter are abundant, cheese especially, being of a score or more of toothsome varieties. So fortified, we were ready for the day. Lunch came at one or two o'clock, and was taken at whatever part of town we happened to be, as was likewise dinner at six or seven. Dinner cannot, indeed, be gotten until six. The smallest restaurants are not ready and refuse to set out the meal until after that hour. There is no end to the number and variety of these restaurants. They are of two general classes, one providing the meal at a fixed price varying from \$0 to 80 cents, the other serving from the card just what one orders. After attaining some acquaintance with the numberless dishes, we always ordered from the card, in this way not having to drink the bottle of wine that is always given with the "fixed price" dinner, and obtaining just what we desired at usually a lower price. With out going into detail, it is sufficient to say that by this means one may have a soup, a fish, a meat, two vegetables, a dessert and coffee for less than twenty cents, and have it all most deliciously cooked, and neatly served. So much for living; it may be cheap and it may be expensive as you like, for there are hotels as high-priced as any and restaurants where one pay for the air he breathes.

Besides being the paradise of many other people—of pleasure-seekers and artists, for instance—Paris is the paradise of bicyclists. There are hundreds of miles of streets paved with smooth wood blocks, or with asphalt,—streets that are wide enough for plenty of room, and straight enough to avoid danger. These wide, pleasant thoroughfares early each morning are cleaned, all the dirt of the day's traffic being swept up, carried away or pushed into the sewers. Then water is turned on them, and they are literally scrubbed. After the washing the streams of water that gush down the gutters are so clear that cab horses habitually drink at them. There are no steam or electric cars to endanger the wheelman's life or limb, except on a few streets that may be shunned, and there are no vexatious regulations as to riding slow or fast at any hours. Restaurants, hotels, even churches and museums provide stands where wheels may be placed in safety, while the owner eats and drinks, attends divine service, or inspects pictures. And there are scores of excursions that may be made into the surrounding suburbs and country, where both nature and art may be enjoyed. Cycling is a recognized thing, both for pleasure and business, and its devotees enjoy the utmost freedom.

They ride more rapidly than in even American cities, and they ride machines that are in lightness and grace away ahead of English or German wheels. The cycling tourist who visits Paris should not, as he is compelled to do at London and at many other cities, stow his machine away while he sees the town, for he may get about more quickly, easily, and more cheaply by means of it than in any other way.

Britain claims to have sung the praise of the 'cycle, and to have wheeled it over hill and dale a decade before the continent knew the witchery of the 'cycling mania. Be that as it may, without question, Paris now sets the pace, as it does in fashion and folly. We joined the gay riders, one bright, clear, crisp morning for a spin to Versailles, a distance, our books told us, of some fourteen miles. We are not early risers and the great city was as yet as we glided down the Boulevard St. Michel. Crossing the two bridges of the Seine, we caught a glimpse of the hoary towers of old Notre Dame gilded by the morning sun. Turning up the Rue de Rivoli with its bewildering array of shops, we were soon at the Louvre and the Jardin des Tuilleries.

Our first dismount was made in the Place de la Concorde where stands the 3,000-year old, monolithic obelisk of Luxor. Here in the revolution the bloody guillotine stood. Here in a space of two years, Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday and nearly three thousand others were executed. It seemed hardly possible as we stand here in this most beautiful place that its pavement had run with blood, and that such scenes of horror had here been enacted. With a shudder, we

ride on, up the slight ascent of the Champs Elysees under the great triumphal arch begun by Napoleon, and on through that broad, avenue beautiful beyond description with rows of trees, a half dozen roadways, and green lawns, and gardens and political buildings on each side. Wheelmen are numerous. Tandems and tricycles are common, while occasionally an electric carriage comes rattling by.

The war between those who wear skirts and their less modest sisters of the national costume may rage as it will in other places, but here the bloomers evidently have the best of the question and, really, the women who will ride the wheel look more in keeping without the tails. It's a pretty sight, a quartette or even a pair of neatly bloomer-dressed female cyclists spicing up the avenue, and no doubt by and by we will get used to it and be willing that all girls except our own wives and sweethearts and sisters should be so attired.

Through the endless maze of roadways in the Bois de Boulogne we took a turn, stopped to rest under its green trees, watched the children playing unforbidden over its velvety lawns, and the gay pleasure boats upon its beautiful lakes; then on through the suburban villages with their smoking industries, smart, new tenements, and fine residences, Sevres with its celebrated porcelain manufactory, and St. Cloud with its ruined palace and rare old park, until wiping the dust and perspiration from our faces, we stood before the magnificent palace of Versailles.

We may not attempt a description. We walked through those immense and gorgeously decorated halls; stared at the history of France in painting and sculpture until our eyes were weary with looking and our feet with standing.

Louis XVI., the most absolute and sumptuous monarch that ever ruled a highly civilized country, built this massive pile, and it preserves many memorials of him, the most interesting being his bedroom. The bed where he died stands there now with the railing about it, within which no one ever ventured without the king's permission. As for the paintings they tell a long story of France's victories, even of a few of her defeats, but there is no picture of Waterloo. Napoleon stands on hundreds of canvases on these walls, but on no one of them is he surrounded by the plains of that fatal field. English visitors boast that amid all these paintings only one shows the British in retreat.

Outside the palace are grounds of large extent, where nature is bent to the last limit of artificiality. Fountains that it cost \$2,500 to make play, send up on set occasions volumes of water to heights and in peculiar forms. Our good luck favored us, and they were spreading their white mists into the air the day we were out. Flowers, trees, walks, driveways, even forests are made to conform to geometric lines and the effect as a whole is fine and elegant, and though in keeping with the court of Louis XVI., yet lacking the grace and ease of nature.

In the grounds stand those two small buildings, the Great Trianon and the Little Trianon, real homes of kings and queens, and therefore so famous in history. The latter especially seemed to us a most homelike and comfortable little place. It is snug amid fine old trees and lawns, and it has a pretty garden behind it, while farther on stretch shaded grounds with sunny openings, with brooks winding through them, and with rustic cottages where Marie Antoinette played with her ladies and courtiers. No wonder the ill-fated queen loved this jewel of a spot, when only a few miles away the great city was roaring with wrath and hunger, clamoring for a share of that luxury she was lavishing, and finally, blood-thirsty and terrible, seeking her life. Our day passed quickly in riding about those grounds, and at our return in the evening we were amazed to note that 71 miles had recorded themselves on our cyclometers.

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